

## **"NEMO'S ALMANAC 2016"**

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# **HIDE AND SEEK**

## **2016**

**(ONE HUNDRED & NINETEENTH YEAR)**

## **A YEARLY ANTHOLOGY OF QUOTATIONS FOR COMPETITION**

**COMPILED BY**

**KENNETH THORNTON**

**PRICE - £3.00**

## **HIDE AND SEEK 2017**

Will be available from:

**Kenneth Thornton,  
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**In early December 2016**

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# RULES

1. The answers, with full references, must be sent in by **1<sup>st</sup> November 2016**. The envelope should be addressed to:  
**Kenneth Thornton, 138 Raeberry Street, Glasgow G20 6EA**, with the letters **H & S** clearly written on it.
2. By 'full references' is meant : Author, Title, Volume, Chapter, Act, Scene, Verse, Line (as appropriate). In plays or dialogue, the name of the speaker must be given.
3. Ten marks are given for each correct answer, with bonus marks for a Quotation found by only one competitor or for well-researched answers (at the discretion of the compiler!)
4. The entry will be returned with the answer sheet.
5. Use of the Internet cannot be banned, but it is utterly discouraged, as it renders the competition both unfair and pointless. If the Internet has been used, please write 'NET' after your answer – 5 marks will be given if the answer is correct.
6. No Quotation is in translation, and no Author is quoted more than once.
7. Although humble prizes (£30, £20 and £10) are awarded to those who come first, second and third, all who participate in the competition receive a much more valuable prize – the prize of the pleasure of seeking and finding!



## JANUARY

### I

My Lycus! wherefore dost thou weep?  
Thy falling tears restrain;  
Affection for a time may sleep.  
But, oh, 'twill wake again.  
Think, think, my friend, when next we meet,  
Our long-wish'd interview, how sweet !

### II

Who seeks a friend, should come dispos'd  
T'exhibit in full bloom disclos'd  
The graces and the beauties  
That form the character he seeks,  
For 'tis an union that bespeaks  
Reciprocated duties.

### III

The pleasures of friendship are exquisite,  
How pleasant to go to a friend on a visit !  
I go to my friend, we walk on the grass,  
And the hours and moments like minutes pass.

### IV

'Twere an ill World, I'll swear, for every friend,  
If Distance could their Union end:  
But Love it self does far advance  
Above the power of Time and Space,  
It scorns such outward Circumstance,  
His Time's for ever, every where his Place.

### V

Easy at first, the language of friendship  
Is, as we soon discover,  
Very difficult to speak well, a tongue  
With no cognates, no resemblance  
To the galimatias of nursery and bedroom,  
Court rhyme or shepherd's prose  
And, unless often spoken, soon goes rusty.

### VI

But one thing is most admirable (wherewith I will  
conclude this first fruit of friendship), which is, that this  
communicating of a man's self to his friend works two  
contrary effects; for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in  
halves:

## FEBRUARY

### I

If every leaf on every shrub and tree  
Turned to a sheet of foolscap; every sea  
Were changed to ink, and all earth's living tribes  
Had nothing else to do but act as scribes,

### II

All shuffle there; all cough in ink;  
All wear the carpet with their shoes;  
All think what other people think;  
All know the man their neighbour knows.

### III

The sergeant picked up a card which lay beside the  
dead man upon the floor. The initials V. V., and under it the  
number 341, were rudely scrawled in ink upon it.  
'What's this ?' he asked, holding it up.

### IV

----- strongly recommended a new patent stylographic  
pen, which cost me nine-and-sixpence, and which was simply  
nine-and-sixpence thrown in the mud. It has caused me constant  
annoyance and irritability of temper. The ink oozes out of the  
top, making a mess on my hands,

### V

And laying aside the pen, dipped  
Not in tears' volatile liquid  
But in black ink of the heart's well,  
To read again what the hand has written  
To the many voices' quiet dictation

### VI

"You'll find the bread improved, I think,  
By getting better flour :  
And have you anything to drink  
That looks a *little* less like ink,  
And isn't *quite* so sour ?"

## MARCH

### I

... the living windmill is not only beautiful  
but romantic too: a willing, man-serving creature,  
yoked to the elements, a whirling monster, often a thing  
of terror. No one can stand very near the crashing  
sweeps of a windmill in half a gale without a tightening  
of the heart .....

### II

He refused to believe either that food would  
become more plentiful or that the windmill would save work.  
Windmill or no windmill, he said, life would go on as it had  
always gone on ..... that is, badly.

### III

I had rather live  
With cheese and garlic in a windmill far,  
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me  
In any summer-house in Christendom.

### IV

Strong extreme speed, that the brain hurries with,  
Further than trees, and hedges, and green grass  
Whitened by distance, ..... further than small pools  
Held among fields and gardens, ..... further than  
Haystacks and windmill-sails and roofs and herds, .....  
The sea's last margin ceases at the sun

### V

Is love not dead? yet I hear that tune if I lie  
Dreaming awake in the night in my lonely bed,  
And an old thought turns with the old tune in my head  
As a wind-mill turns in the wind on an empty sky.

### VI

Fool that I was, so much to prize  
Those simple virtues you despise .....

Fool, that with such dull arrows strove,  
Or hoped to reach a flying dove!  
For you, that are in motion still,  
Decline our force and mock our skill,  
Who like Don Quixote do advance  
Against a windmill our vain lance.

## APRIL

### (AN H & S TRIBUTE TO W. SHAKESPEARE ON THE QUADRICENTENNIAL OF HIS DEATH)

#### I

My Shakespeare, rise; I will not lodge thee by  
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lye  
A little further, to make thee a roome:  
Thou art a Monument, without a tombe,  
And art alive still, while thy Booke doth live,  
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.

#### II

For lofty sense,  
Creative fancy, and inspection keen  
Through the deep windings of the human heart,  
Is not wild Shakespeare thine and nature's boast?

#### III

And from Shakespeare she gained a great store of  
information ——— amongst the rest, that

————— *'Trifles light as air,*

*'Are, to the jealous, confirmation strong,*

*'As proofs of Holy Writ.'*

#### IV

But to me it seems immeasurably strange : as strange  
to me as if there were found,  
in a Jacobean archive, an unquestionably authentic  
woodcut showing Shakespeare  
presenting the blue ribbon for Best Cake Baked  
to Queen Elizabeth.

#### V

On a dark day in winter I read Shakespeare.  
The birds set off to branches of the south.  
I tremble in the branches of the mind.

Summer is finished. Shakespeare always remains,  
tree on tree for ever fragrant, young,  
leaves that never fall out of the leaves.

#### VI

What say you to the poets? shall we write  
Hamlet, Othello ——— make the world our own,  
Without a risk to run of either sort?  
I can't ! ——— to put the strongest reason first.  
'But try,' you urge, 'the trying shall suffice;  
'The aim, if reached or not, makes great the life:  
'Try to be Shakespeare, leave the rest to fate!'

## MAY

### I

From Aphrodite's precious blood,  
Arose the lady-birds, a brood  
As gentle as the hurt of love,  
That gave them birth and parentage.  
In legends of the golden age.

### II

I heard you say, and it was like a siren,  
'A ladybird . Good luck . Perhaps some money.'  
I did not understand.  
Suddenly I was frightened, fearful of falling  
Because you lifted your hand

### III

The lady-bird that seldom stops  
From climbing all the day  
Climbs up the rushes tassle tops  
Spreads wings and flies away  
He sees them ----- lying on the grass  
Musing the whole day long

### IV

With snug dame Ladybird in scarlet brave  
(Mine hostess kind) at chimney-cheek to chat:

### V

A two-spot ladybird has decided to hibernate  
Between the pages of the *Dictionary of Surnames*,  
Among the C's, specifically the Ch's :-  
With Chatterton, and Chalmers and Charteris and Charrington

### VI

Hurt no living thing:  
Ladybird, nor butterfly,  
Nor moth with dusty wing,  
Nor cricket chirping cheerily,  
Nor grasshopper so light of leap,  
Nor dancing gnat, nor beetle fat,  
Nor harmless worms that creep.

## JUNE

### I

Out with all the doleful dithery,  
Ladle out the slimy slithery,  
Hunt and catch the hithery thithery,  
Round and round and round !

### II

They crossed the Channel at once  
And when boats and ships came near them  
They winkelty-binkelty-tinkled their bell  
So that all the world could hear them.

### III

He often would  
Hurly burly  
Get up early  
And go  
By hook or crook  
To the brook

### IV

And Robinson Crusoe  
Rues so  
The bright and foxy beer, -----  
But he finds fresh isles in a Negress' smiles, -----  
The poxy doxy dear,

### V

how they wondered what men, and such men  
as their brother and dear Captain -----, could find in such an  
insignificant little chit; how she was still, as heretofore, a  
namby-pamby milk-and-water affected creature ----- but how  
the boy was really the noblest little boy ever seen -----

### VI

I'm missing those old-fashioned yellow roses  
hugging my gate,  
already losing their frowzy, blowsy furbelows.  
Who lets them yawn  
and disintegrate, petal by lazy petal  
without complaint?



## JULY

### I

It is a poem about ice cream. You see?  
About how you might stroll into a shop  
and ask: *One Strawberry Split. One Mivvi*

### II

If you wanted ice-cream  
There was ice-cream galore  
Oozing from handy ice-plants.

(But you didn't really want ice-cream:  
The weather wasn't hot enough.)

### III

Enter a child and an ice cream cone.

A parent is easily beguiled  
By sight of this coniferous child.

The friendly embers warmer gleam,  
The cone begins to drip ice cream.

### IV

Sweet summer York is nothing. They dip alertly  
Into the dark, the time capsule. (*No dogs,*

*Smoking, ice-cream, cameras.*) History  
Breathes them in,

### V

And a girl in the Everest Milk Bar  
Whose tits rubbed the cold of the ice-cream churn  
As she reached down with her cheating scoop ----  
You saw more if you asked for strawberry ----

### VI

August flames in the rusty sorrel,  
a bantam hen hatches wild pheasant chicks,  
the dog licks ice cream from a cone;  
but mostly the cropped, green, sold-off pastures  
give grace to the house, to *Milgate Park*,

## AUGUST

### I

I remember the time, for the roots of my hair were stirred  
By a shuffled step, by a dead weight trailed, by a whispered fright,  
And my pulses closed their gates with a shock on my heart as I heard  
The shrill-edged shriek of a mother divide the shuddering night.

### II

All I remember is a coat  
Of velvet, buttoned on his breast;  
Where I, when tired of fingering it,  
Would lay my childish head and rest.

### III

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart  
Across the schoolboy's brain;  
The song and the silence in the heart,  
That in part are prophecies, and in part  
Are longings wild and vain.

### IV

I remember  
The dead smell of sun on wood cabins,  
The stiffness of sails, the long salt winding sheets.  
Once one has seen God, what is the remedy?

### V

But I remember, I remember Sydney,  
Our bows scissoring the green cloth of the sea,  
Prefaced by plunging dolphins we approached her:  
The land of the kookaburra and the eucalyptus tree.

### VI

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December.  
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.

## SEPTEMBER

### I

O Brandan, spindrift hermit, who  
Hankering roaming un-homing up-anchoring  
From this rock wall looked seawards to  
Knot the horizon round your waist,  
Distil that distance and undo  
Time in quintessential West:

### II

Remember he had made the test  
Finding the East by sailing West.  
But had he found it? Here he was  
Without one trinket from Ormuz  
To save the Queen from family censure  
For her investment in his venture.

### III

Comrade, look not on the west:  
'Twill have the heart out of your breast;  
'Twill take your thoughts and sink them far,  
Leagues beyond the sunset bar.

### IV

"Larks are singing in the west, brother, above the green wheat,  
So will ye not come home, brother, and rest your tired feet?  
I've a balm for bruised hearts, brother, sleep for aching eyes,"  
Says the warm wind, the west wind, full of birds' cries.

### V

The pine grew apples for a whim,  
The cart-horse built a nest;  
The oxen flew, the flowers sang,  
The Sun rose in the west.

### VI

It was as if the west had ended there.  
And yet we knew another west ran on,  
A west beyond the west, and towards it travelled  
Those we had followed to this stopping place.

## OCTOBER

### I

Our bow heads home

Into the running blackbacks soaring us loud  
High up in open arms of the towering sea.  
The steep bow heaves,

### II

Actor and actress  
After three acts of hatred  
Meet the audience  
Face to face – free of the scenes :  
They hold hands, they kiss, and bow.

### III

I'd seen it grey and slippery in the making,  
I'd tapped it when it dried out white and stiff,  
I'd tied the bows of newspaper  
along its six-foot tail.

### IV

'There's many a heart now mangled,  
And waiting its time to go,  
Whose tendrils were first entangled  
By my sweet viol and bow!'

### V

Only my love can bend the bow:  
When the bow leaps to kill  
And darkly as a nerve of night  
The string throbs out, you are the skill  
That drew the impulsive bowstring tight,  
The hand that bent the bow.

### VI

Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,  
Grateful to Heav'n, over his head beholds  
A dewie Cloud, and in the Cloud a Bow  
Conspicuous with three listed colours gay,  
Betok'ning peace from God, and Cov'nant new.

## NOVEMBER

### I

It is a curious fact, but nobody ever is seasick ----- on land.

At sea, you come across plenty of people very bad indeed, whole boat-loads of them ; but I never met a man yet, on land, who had ever known at all what it was to be seasick.

### II

Sea-sickness, however, is like a belief in ghosts ----- every one entertains some misgivings on the subject but few will acknowledge any. The majority of the company, therefore, endeavoured to look peculiarly happy, feeling all the while especially miserable.

### III

The bishop was feeling rather sea-sick. Confoundedly sea-sick, in fact.

### IV

But I've done ----- for the water is heaving

Round my body as though it would sink it !

And I've been so long pitching and tossing,

That sea-sick ----- you'd hardly now think it -----

Is the Boy at the Nore !

### V

Now there's a choice --- headache or tortured liver !

A sea-sick body, or a you-sick soul !

### VI

Like phantoms in the moonlight, glistening with slime

Two giant slugs were ranting, horns swaying in time :

*Sluggy deluge sluggy dark, Sluggy voyage sluggy ark  
Sluggy seasick sluggy sneeze, Sluggy splinters sluggy fleas  
Sluggy Noah sluggy wife, Sluggy boring sluggy life*



## DECEMBER

### I

But Oh, for thee, for him, hath th' Inne no roome?  
Yet lay him in this stall,

### II

Where are his crown and sceptre, where is his throne sublime,  
Where is his train majestic, that should the stars outshine?  
Is there not sumptuous palace, nor any inn at all,  
To lodge his heavenly mother but in a filthy stall ?

### III

Remove your dwellinge to your God,  
A stall is nowe His beste aboade;  
Sith men their homage do denye,  
Come, angels, all their fault supply.

### IV

There the heavenly babe He lay  
In a stall among a lot of hay,  
While the Angel Host by Bethlehem  
Sang a beautiful and heavenly anthem.

### V

And he told the Ox of a Manger  
And a Stall in Bethlehem,  
And he spoke to the Ass of a Rider  
That rode to Jerusalem.

### VI

And every stone shall cry,  
And straw like gold shall shine;  
A barn shall harbor heaven,  
A stall become a shrine.

## ANSWERS TO HIDE AND SEEK 2015

### JANUARY 'LISTS'

- I. Vita Sackville-West, "The Land : Autumn – Making Cider", *ll.* 1-4, 8-9
- II. Walt Whitman, "A Song for Occupations", Section 5, *ll.* 19-20
- III. Anthony Thwaite, "At the Ironmonger's", *ll.* 1-6
- IV. John Winstanley, "A last Will and Testament", Sta.6, *ll.* 31-36
- V. Mark Twain (S.L. Clemens), "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn", Chapt. 9
- VI. Edwin Morgan, "For Bonfires", *ll.* 31-36

### FEBRUARY 'DINOSAURS'

- I. Frances Cornford, "At Night", *ll.* 31-34
- II. Ted Hughes, "Famous Poet", *ll.* 37-39
- III. A. C. Swinburne, "The Higher Pantheism in a Nutshell", *ll.* 19-20
- IV. John Updike, "On the Inclusion of Miniature Dinosaurs in Breakfast Cereal Boxes" Sta. 2, *ll.* 5-8
- V. Louis MacNeice, "New Jerusalem", Sta. 6, *ll.* 21-24
- VI. Geoffrey Dearmer, "The Brontosaurus", *ll.* 7-11

### MARCH 'BOOKSHOPS'

- I. John Arlott, "A Second-Hand Bookshop", Sta.2, *ll.* 9-12
- II. John Wolcot (Peter Pindar), "Bozzy and Piozzi", *ll.* 95-102
- III. Penelope Fitzgerald, "The Bookshop", Chapter 5
- IV. Roger McGough, "Dialectically Opposed", *ll.* 1-5
- V. Vernon Scannell, "Collected Poems Recollected", *ll.* 1-6
- VI. George Gissing, "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft", Spring XII

### APRIL 'GREEN'

- I. Charles Causley, "Green Man in the Garden", Sta.3, *ll.* 9-12
- II. William Wordsworth, "The Pet-Lamb", from stanzas 6-7, *ll.* 23-28
- III. E. J. Scovell, "Green in January", *ll.* 1-5
- IV. Michael Hamburger, "Garden, Wilderness", *ll.* 1-5
- V. John Keats, "The Eve of Saint Mark", *ll.* 6-12
- VI. Elizabeth Jennings, "Green", *ll.* 37-42

### MAY 'BARE FEET'

- I. Patricia Beer, "The Footprint", Sta.2, *ll.* 7-12
- II. John Betjeman, "Summoned By Bells", IV Cornwall in Childhood, *ll.* 40-46
- III. Anne Stevenson, "Innocence and Experience", Sta.2, *ll.* 5-8
- IV. William Golding, "Lord of the Flies", Chapt. 3, 'Hats on the Beach'
- V. J.G. Whittier, "The Barefoot Boy", *ll.* 66-68
- VI. Charlotte Mew, "The Shade-Catchers", *ll.* 4-7

### JUNE 'LAUGHTER'

- I. Walter De La Mare, "Jolly Laughter", *ll.* 1-5
- II. Wilfred Owen, "Song of Songs", *ll.* 1-3
- III. H.G. Wells, "The History of Mr. Polly", Chapt. 9. 'The Potwell Inn', 3
- IV. Stephen Spender, "Laughter", *ll.* 1-5
- V. Thomas Gray, "The Progress of Poesy". A Pindaric Ode. I.1, *ll.* 5-6
- VI. William Blake, "Laughing Song", Sta.3, *ll.* 9-12

### JULY 'OLD MONEY'

- I. Lord Byron, "Beppo", XLIII, *ll.* 341-344
- II. Austin Clarke, "The Fair at Windgap", Sta.2, *ll.* 14-16
- III. Mervyn Peake, "The Dwarf of Battersea", Sta. 10, *ll.* 55-60
- IV. Kenneth Grahame, "The Wind in the Willows", Chapt. 8. 'Toad's Adventures'
- V. William Cowper, "The Diverting History of John Gilpin", Stanzas 54,55, *ll.* 213-217
- VI. Thomas Hardy, "The Mayor of Casterbridge", Chpt.1

### AUGUST 'IN PARENTHESIS'

- I. David Jones, "In Parenthesis", Part 4, 'King Pellam's Launde'
- II. Anthony Deane, "An Ode", Sta. 8, *ll.* 29-30
- III. e.e. cummings, "anyone lived in a pretty how town", Sta.6, *ll.* 22-24
- IV. George Mackay Brown, "Stations of the Cross", 5. 'Carpenter', Sta. 7, *ll.* 13,14
- V. Siegfried Sassoon, "Villa d'Este Gardens", Sta.2, *ll.* 7-9
- VI. Arthur H. Clough, "Dipsychus", Scene IV – In a Gondola, *ll.* 78-81

# SEPTEMBER 'LADDERS'

- I. Gillian Clarke, "The Loft", ll. 1-5
- II. Andrew Young, "The Shower", ll. 1-4
- III. Robert Frost, "After Apple-Picking", ll. 21-26
- IV. Rudyard Kipling, "Gentlemen-Rankers", ll. 33-35
- V. W. M. Thackeray, "The Book of Snobs", Chapt. 7, 'On Some Respectable Snobs'.
- VI. Francis Thompson, "The Kingdom of God" or "In no Strange Land", Sta. 5, ll. 17-20

# OCTOBER 'St. FRANCIS'

- I. H.W. Longfellow, "The Sermon of St. Francis", Stanzas 4&5, ll. 13-18
- II. John Heath-Stubbs, "Saint Francis Preaches to the Computers" ll. 1-7
- III. Seamus Heaney, "Saint Francis and the Birds", ll. 1-4
- IV. Norman MacCaig, "Assisi", ll. 23-27
- V. Dorothy Parker, "Just a Little One"
- VI. Alfred, Lord Tennyson, "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After", Stanzas 50 + 51, ll. 99-102

# NOVEMBER 'FUNGI'

- I. Fleur Adcock, "Going out from Ambleside", 3, ll. 2-7
- II. William Plomer, "Atheling Grange", Sta. 8, ll. 49-52
- III. Anthony Hecht, "An Autumnal", Sta. 3, ll. 9-12
- IV. Norman Nicholson, "Toadstools", ll. 31-38
- V. D. H. Lawrence, "How Beastly the Bourgeois Is", ll. 19-22
- VI. Percy B. Shelley, "The Sensitive Plant", Part 3, ll. 62-65

# DECEMBER 'CHESTNUTS'

- I. Laurence Sterne, "Tristram Shandy", Volume 4, Chapter XXVII
- II. William Shakespeare, "MacBeth", Act 1, Scene 3, ll. 4-5
- III. Jon Stallworthy, "Walking Against the Wind", ll. 1-5
- IV. Edward Lear, "To Make Gosky Patties"
- V. Robert Herrick, "A New-Year's gift sent to Sir Simeon Steward", ll. 33-36
- VI. Charles Dickens, "A Christmas Carol", Stave III

# MARKS LIST 2015

## FIRST PRIZE

Mrs. A. E. Sheehan-Hunt ..... 710

## SECOND PRIZE

Steve Osborn ..... 675

## THIRD PRIZE

Mrs. Anne Polhill ..... 660

Alan Hollinghurst ..... 645

June Walker ..... 565

Mrs P. Pearce ..... 545

Tom Durham ..... 505

W. A. Kyle ..... 490

Hilary Adams + Beryl Cawood ..... 470

Ms Florence Yarwood ..... 275

Gillian Carter ..... 210

M. R. Foster ..... 180

## NOTES

I'm wondering if you keep a 'commonplace book' and if it's full of quotations which have fascinated and inspired you over the years. I confess that, although I have often tried to keep such a book, I'm too undisciplined a person to have persevered with it. But it warms my heart when you tell me that some words in an H & S quotation have really gripped and moved you. Of course it's a very subjective thing, but I do try to choose passages which might paint pictures in the mind, or sound like music to the ears, or stir the emotions, or make one smile. In the 2015 edition, some of my favourite bits were:

- Charlotte Mew's picture of the children scudding away on their little bare feet, leaving the shade in the sunny street.
- Siegfried Sassoon writing of himself leaning on an old balustrade, imbibing sunset; wrapped in his verse vocation;
- and Seamus Heaney speaking of St. Francis' birds throttling up into the blue like a flock of words released for fun from his holy lips.

Great stuff!

I hope that there will be many words in this new edition which will delight you for whatever reason. For example, there's April V – if those verses cannot make you want to read Shakespeare, nothing can. And then there's May I on ladybirds – “a brood as gentle as the hurt of love”; isn't that beautiful? I so enjoy the sounds that words make, hence the June theme. (Of course, I know that June IV is not really P.C. these days; I hope that it doesn't give offence) – who can resist word play like ‘winkety-binkety, ‘hurly burly’, ‘poxy doxy’? Doesn't it amuse you to hear the poet in July III describe a child with an ice cream cone as ‘this coniferous child’? And there's this line in November V: “A sea-sick body, or a you-sick soul!”; and this one in December VI: “A barn shall harbor heaven”.

It's so interesting, I think, that we have a language in which a word can be pronounced in different ways and have different meanings. So it is with the little word ‘BOW’ which is highlighted on the October page – two pronunciations and six meanings. What a lot of work we give to that little three-lettered word!

Move over Mary Berry, you have competition! See April IV. I don't have a television, so have never seen ‘The Great British Bake Off’, but I find the picture in April IV starring Shakespeare and Queen Elizabeth very amusing and rather touching. (By the way, I always feel that the present-day Mary Berry is not quite as worthy of renown as the literary Mary Berry, 1763 – 1852, who was the great friend of Horace Walpole and his coterie.)

As for this year's competition, more booklets than ever were sold, but the number of entries is down. Congratulations to those who have won, and thanks for all your encouraging comments. All of the quotations were found – a few bonus points were given for conscientious research. It's interesting that the quotations from W. Whitman and W. Owen were both to be found in different versions. Several of you insist on giving January IV a strange title and attributing it to poets about whom I can find no information. I decided to be stubborn and to stick with John Winstanley, ‘A Last Will and Testament’, as in the Oxford Book of Satirical Verse, pages 144-147. But I'm willing to submit to being shot down in flames if anyone can prove it to be otherwise! Again some of you found help through listening to Radio 4's ‘Poetry Please’, which broadcast November V just in time for you to add it to your entry.

On behalf of all of our ‘Seekers’, I salute those of you who have been faithful to H & S over the years, but feel that age and infirmity mean that you must now be less active. We thank you most sincerely for your involvement with the H & S gang, and for all of the hard work you have done. But please keep in touch even though now you are officially a ‘Seeker Emeritus’!

All best wishes to all of you for the 2016 competition.







